

Gerald's Wife

IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that he did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville Improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a fat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice, roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass enclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughans and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the fat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would and her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lithe, blonde, limped, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a staunch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to propose with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a bungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily until it opened and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the blessed damozel type yet. Her smooth dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen skirt and a white shirt waist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was flour sprinkled.

He had not expected to see her face to face so soon or alone. Neither had he expected her to act as she did. The color rose in her cheeks, tipping even her ears with pink. It was an old habit. He remembered it.

"I thought you were in London," she said.

"You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations."

He stepped into the hall after her. She hesitated and laughed, looking at her floured hands.

"I can't shake hands with you, and the biscuits are in the oven. I shall have to watch them. Do you mind coming out to the kitchen?"

He didn't mind. There appeared to be only three rooms—the studio-sitting room, the dining room and the kitchen. Collapsible ready-in-a-minute studio divans were in the sitting room and dining room in lieu of bedrooms. It was all charmingly, most uncomfortably odd, bizarre and bohemian.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked when he had found a chair in the kitchen.

Beatrice knelt beside the stove to look at the biscuit. He could not see her face.

"He went to the postoffice for the last mail. You must have missed him."

"Well, what ever made him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know! Don't you puzzle?" she added quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well, Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall from overwork and so on, and he was ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come and stay indefinitely, so he pulled a few wires, and things happened. He

was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healthy and worked again a month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick. "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him—the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmony. Gerald, Gerald the hopeless, erratic, fantastic, irascible, joyous, heartless, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuits. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuits throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?"

"Oh, so much?" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?"

"Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to."

Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice said the point.

He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips.

"Why did you do it?"

"She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his, her eyes bright with startled wonderment at his tone."

"Why did you marry Gerald?"

"Marry Gerald? I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them.

"There is Gerald, and that is his wife, my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to—well, to make the biscuit."

A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him.

"I knew who you were, but I wanted Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you."

"She said," answered Broderick happily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

The "Father of Leprosy."

The gecko belongs to a family of thick tongued lizards, which are widely distributed over the tropical and subtropical countries of Europe and Asia, and in all countries where he is known he is thoroughly despised. Because of his repulsive appearance he is called the "father of leprosy." Down to times comparatively modern it was firmly believed that contact either directly or indirectly with this little reptile was sure to communicate leprosy.

The investigations of modern zoologists have proved that the little animal is undeserving of his name of "father of leprosy" and that he is indeed a most harmless and useful creature. Since the old belief in the ability of this reptile to communicate leprosy to any human flesh which might come in contact with his warty, sore looking skin was exploded he has retained his objectionable name solely on account of the bad appearance he makes. His skin is one mass of scaly and tuberculous excrescences that cover his body from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose. Every quarter inch section of this repulsive looking body has a general resemblance that appear on the human body in cases of leprosy.

On this account and no other the harmless little gecko was given the name of being the progenitor of the worst form of disease.

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affection of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athena and on the reverse an owl often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch in his "Lysander" tells an amusing tale how Gillipus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe and how he stripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up a note in a writing not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying that Sparta hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the embroiled seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity, but Gillipus' servant betrayed him, saying "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Gillipus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage, made red-hot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unyielding. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.

Do You Want to Know What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of medicines of known composition. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his of the several ingredients which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

This bold and out-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the strongest endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed free to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and bowels. Do not hurt the "pill habit," but cure constipation. One or two each day for a laxative and regulator, three or four in active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

\$50,000 GIVEN AWAY. In copies of Dr. Pierce's "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at \$1.50 per copy, we have a way to give away \$50,000 worth of these invaluable books. This year we shall give away \$50,000 worth of them. Will you share in this benefit? If so, send one of our one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only for book in self paper cover or in leather-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

BLOOMFIELD News Depot.

EARLY DELIVERY. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. A Full Line of the Best Brands of Imported and Domestic CIGARS.

from Acker, Merrill & Condit, D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson, Gaddis & Co.

GARLOCK & MISHILL Newsdealers, 276 Glenwood Avenue, Opp. D. L. & W. Station.

Chas. A. Keyler, 556 Bloomfield Ave., DEALERS IN

FURNITURE Of Every Description Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.

Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Bed always on hand.

Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

August 1, 1906. **ESTATE OF AUGUSTA M. WOOD,** deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

ESSEX COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.—In the matter of the estate of August M. Wood, deceased. On petition for sale of lands to pay debts.

ORDER. Thomas F. Hogan, administrator of August M. Wood, deceased, having exhibited under oath, a true account of the personal estate of said deceased whereby it appears that the personal estate of said August M. Wood, deceased, is insufficient to pay her debts and Wood is insufficient to pay her debts, requesting the aid of the Court in the premises, the order that said person interested in the estate of said August M. Wood, deceased, appear before this Court at the Court House in the City of Newark on the 6th day of October, 1906, at 10 A. M., to show cause why so much of the said lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate of said August M. Wood, deceased, should not be sold as will be sufficient to pay her debts.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate. **SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr.,** Esquire, Union Building, Newark, N. J.

DR. FRED'K C. ARTOPOBUS, Veterinary Physician and Surgeon. 63 SPRUCE STREET, Bloomfield, N. J. Lameness of Horses and Canine Diseases a Specialty. OFFICE AT DECK'S LIVERY STABLE. MOBILE—1 to 2 P. M.

PACKARD Means THOROUGH

IN EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO BUSINESS EDUCATION.

There are many commercial schools. There is only one PACKARD Commercial School. The School that has made a Specialty of Each Student for 48 years. No possible risk is involved in selecting such a school. No "solicitor!"

The PACKARD graduate need not worry about a position. The position is looking for him. The school's Employment Service, in closest touch with the metropolitan business community, is free to all who have at any time been students. There is no Packard graduate "waiting list."

Individual instruction. Enter at any time without disadvantage. Special students' commutation rates on all railways. **PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,** 4th Ave. and 23d St., N. Y. Day and Evening

STEVENS SCHOOL THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

Stevens Institute of Technology, RIVER STREET. Between 6th and 6th Sts., Hoboken, N. J. Reopens Sept. 17th, 1906.

Registration day for applicants for admission Wednesday, September 12th. Examinations for admission on Thursday and Friday, September 13th and 14th.

Courses of study, preparatory to Universities, Colleges, Schools of Science, Law and Medicine. The rate of tuition for all classes is \$150 per year, or \$50 per term. For catalogue apply to the Principal.

Pratt Institute,

215 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Day Classes Open September 24. Evening Classes Open September 26.

For catalogue giving full particulars, address **FREDERIC B. PRATT, Secretary.**

Miss Cornelia D. Milner, DEALER IN **Pianos and Organs,**

Bloomfield, New Jersey. Pianos shipped direct from factory. Lowest prices and easiest terms. Resident Agent for the Oldest Piano Houses in New York City. Old Instruments taken in exchange, rented and sold on time payments. 259 Walnut St., Bloomfield N. J.

MISS ANNIE VAN TASSEL, INSTRUCTOR OF PIANO FORTE Season Begins September 18 For terms, etc., apply at 91 LINDEN AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

E. F. O'Neil, PRACTICAL HORSESHOEING,

All interesting, over, thing, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care. 426 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

August 1, 1906. **ESTATE OF PIERRE T. BEITS,** deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate. **SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr.,** Esquire, Union Building, Newark, N. J.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM P. CONKLIN, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate. **SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr.,** Esquire, Union Building, Newark, N. J.

ESTATE OF MARTIN GAORREKA, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned temporary administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

HORACE S. OSBORNE, Pres., Newark, N. J.

ARTHUR S. MARSELLIS, Sec'y and Treas., Montclair, N. J.

The Osborne & Marsellis Co., Quarrymen and Road Builders.

Broken and Building Stone, Lumber and Masons' Materials. BEST QUALITY LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND CANNEL COAL. KINDLING WOOD M. & B. and Long Distance Telephones. Quarries: Coal Yard and Main Offices, Upper Montclair, N. J.

UP-TO-DATE.

The Bloomfield Livery and Boarding Stables. 33 WASHINGTON STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

J. W. HARRISON, Proprietor. W. H. VREELAND, Manager. L. D. 'Phone 1009-J; Newark 'Phone 63.

These stables are under new management, and fully equipped with first-class horses and vehicles of every description. Open day and night. Service neat and prompt. Good accommodation for boarding horses.

Our Rates are Reasonable. Your Patronage is Solicited.

GEORGE HUMMEL,

Successor to Martin Hummel & Son, Dealer in the Very Best Grades of

LEHIGH COAL!

—AND— Well Seasoned WOOD, Sawed or Split. YARD AND OFFICE:

361 BROAD ST., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

John Rassbach & Son. THE FLORISTS.

Special Attention Given to Decorating for All Occasions. FLORAL DESIGNS ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED. Cut Flowers, Flowering Plants, Palms, Ferns, Etc.

BLOOMFIELD CENTRE AND GREENHOUSES, GLEN RIDGE. Bloomfield, 1134—TELEPHONES—Glen Ridge, 1151.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY

Repairing and Engraving. Special Attention to Clock Work. Will call for and deliver them at your home.

Thirty Years' Experience. PROMPT SERVICE. AT **OVERTON'S OLD STAND,** 280 Glenwood Avenue, Near D. L. & W. R. R. Station. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

A. McKinney

July 3, 1906. **ESTATE OF WILLIAM P. CONKLIN,** deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate. **SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr.,** Esquire, Union Building, Newark, N. J.

ESTATE OF FRANCES L. SKID. E. more, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

Witness, JAY TEN EYCK, Esquire Judge of said Court, this 31st day of July, 1906. **JAY TEN EYCK.**

G. E. RUSSELL, Surrogate. **SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, Jr.,** Esquire, Union Building, Newark, N. J.

Health! Rest! Recreation!

are assured under the most favorable conditions at

Cambridge Springs, PENNSYLVANIA, midway between Chicago and New York, on the

Erie Railroad. You ought to know all about it.

Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle West," on application to the Ticket Agent or

D. W. Cooke, General Passenger Agent, New York.

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable. We issue no patent until the rights are secured. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights.

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. For sale by all newsdealers. **MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.** Branch Office, 1134 Washington St., Washington, D. C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable. We issue no patent until the rights are secured. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable. We issue no patent until the rights are secured. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights. Send your idea to us in confidence. We will return your money if we cannot protect your rights.